

## Satoshi and Kasumi's Conversation

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Summary: Satoshi and Kasumi have a little decussion, by a lake . .

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><br>"Satoshi?"

><br>The fish weren't biting. Satoshi chewed at his bottom lip, Pikachu yawned as his trainer reached for the bait box.

><br>"Satoshi?"

><br>He sat the pole beside him, and retrieved the line from the water. The boy hummed softly to himself, a song his mother used to sing for him, as he changed the bait, taking extra care not to prick his finger on the hook

> <br>By the light of a half set sun, the calm lake showed no sign of ever being home to anything. Except the reflection of beautiful sunsets, acsented by crickets humming, and the birds singing to one another. It was a scene, up intil of few moments ago, Satoshi thought only existed in dreams and over dramtic movies, inspired by some insane wish to be perfect.

><br>Despite the tranquil lake, moved only by the wind and the occasional fallen leaf or almost perfect flower, which had been rejected by the plant that bore it because it was no longer the picture of perfection, but was still beautiful, Satoshi cast his fishing line to the lake. Pikachu yawned, tired the boy guessed. But why anything would want to sleep, when such a picturesque scene lay before it, he could not know. He shrugged, they'd had a tiring day.

><br>"SATOSHI!!!" The sometimes frighteningly famiar voice of a girl broke his train of thought.

><br>Satoshi lifted his head only slightly. "Did you say something, Kasumi?" He asked distantly, trying still to keep his eyes on the lake's utter perfection.

><br>"What are you thinking?" The orange-haired hair asked softly.

><br>He shrugged, tugging semi-impatiently at the line. "We haven't seen Rocket Gang today" He noted.  
><br>"That's probably a good thing." Kasumi chuckled.  
><br>"Yea," The boy sighed in a sad, thoughtful tone of voice. Kasumi tilted her head, the red-orange glow of the sun somehow made him look more . . . intelligent . . . Somehow. She pulled the red and white hat that he almost always seemed to wear, off his head, and placed it on hers. She smiled, the sun's orange-red rays, waaved through his hair, it most likely wasn't the most beautiful thing she'd ever seen, but it was close. And he still hadn't noticed his hat was missing.

><br>"Do you ever wonder, Kasumi . . . if Kojiro and Musashi are together, like . . ." He paused, the right term escaping him, " . . . you know, together." He added after a moment.  
><br>"I don't think so." It was a sad thought really. Musashi and Kojiro, with their horrible pasts, deserved better than what they got, which was, most days a couple hundred volts of electricity directed at their central nervous systems (which really did explain a lot). They deserved each other, they deserved to be happy. "But, if anyone was ever made for Musashi, it was Kojiro."  
><br>Satoshi, for the first time it seemed, looked at his . . . his, he really didn't know, and smiled. She had pretty eyes, he noted. Aqua marine, deep, and mysterious, just like the ocean, just like Kasumi. "And if anyone was ever made for Kojiro, it was Musashi, right, Kasumi?" He asked hopefully.  
><br>"Right." She grinned.  
><br>"Hey" Satoshi announced, jumping up, "You stole my hat!"

><br>Kasumi tugged teasingly at the rim of the hat, "If you want it back, first you have to catch me, Mr. Pokémon Master!" She laughed, running along the lake, Satoshi close at her side.  
>Musashi and Kojiro, together forever, never apart.<br>Kasumi and Satoshi, they'll be together forever and never will part.  
><br> -end

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><br>My first Pokémon fanfic.  
>The writing is horrible, story needs help. All in all it's alright, I guess. <br>  
> Feed Back!!! <br>  
> by, Li<br> Meiling  
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